

rid of the French troops than she raised the mask and ranged herself among our enemies. In October the loss of the battle of Leipsic decided the fate of France. The Saxon army, which had long remained faithful to us, went over to the enemy during the battle.¹ Prince Poniatowski perished at the battle of Leipsic in an attempt to pass the Elster.

hind a Prussian battery to which two French batteries were answering, one in front and the other in flank, and Lord Cathcart and Sir R. Wilson were listening to him, when a ball struck his thigh and almost carried his leg off, passed through his horse, and shattered his other leg to pieces. He gave a deep groan at first, but immediately after the first agony of pain was over he spoke with the utmost tranquillity, and called for a cigar. They bore him off the field on a litter made of Cossacks' pikes, and carried him to a cottage at a short distance, which, however, was so much exposed to the fire that they were obliged, after just binding up his wounds, to remove him farther off to the Emperor's quarters, where one leg was amputated, he smoking the whole time. When the surgeon informed him that he must deprive him of the other leg he observed, without showing any pain or peevishness, but in the calmest manner, that had he known that before his other was cut off he should have preferred dying. The litter on which they had hitherto conveyed him was covered with nothing but wet straw, and a cloak drenched through with rain, which continued in torrents the whole day. They now placed more cloaks over him, and laid him more comfortably in a good litter, in which he was carried to Dippoldeswalde; but long before his arrival there he was soaked through and through. He was brought, however, safely to Laun, where he seemed to be going on well, till a long conference which took place between him and three "or four of the Allied generals, by which he was completely exhausted. Soon after this he became extremely ill, and hourly grew worse. Through the whole of his sufferings he bore his fate with heroism and grandeur of mind not to be surpassed, and appeared to those with whom he conversed to endure but little pain, so calm and so extremely composed was he. He died at six o'clock yesterday morning." — Editor of 1836 edition.

The following letter from General Moreau to his wife, after receiving his mortal wound, was communicated to the editor of the 1836 edition by Sir J. Philippart: —

"*Ma chere amie* — A la bataille de Dresde, il y a trois jours, fai eu les deuxjambes emportees d'un boulet de canon. Ce coquin de Bonaparte est toujours heureux. On m'a fait l'amputation aussi bien que possible. Quoiqu' l'armee ait fait un mouvement retrograde ce n'est nullement par revers, mais pour se rapprocher du General Blucher. Excuse mon grifonage; je t'aime et t'embrasse de tout mon coeur. Je charge Rapatel definir. — V. M."

The battle of General Blucher, on the 16th, was followed by a complete and signal victory on the 18th, by the combined forces, over Bonaparte, at the head of his army, in the neighborhood of Leipsic. The collective loss of above 100 pieces of cannon, 60,000 men, and an immense number of prisoners; the desertion of the Saxon army, and also of the Bavarian and Wiirtemberg troops still remaining in the French ranks, consisting of artillery, cavalry, and infantry; many generals killed, wounded, and taken prisoners, among whom were Beynier, Valberg (?), Brune, Bertrand, and Lauriston, were some of the first-fruits of the glorious day of the 18th of October. These were followed by the capture by assault of the town of Leipsic; the magazines, the artillery, stores of the place, with the King of Saxony, all his Court, the garrison, and the rear-guard of the French army; the whole of the enemy's wounded, the number of whom exceeded 30,000, with the complete rout of the French army, it being entirely surrounded, and endeavoring